



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF  
*Netterville:*  
A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

## CHAPTER. XV.

(continued)

LEWISHAM now recollected that the hour in which he was to meet Latimer was not yet fixed, and therefore resolved that Blanche should set out for London before its arrival—he now named six in the morning, and promising to see her at that time, took his leave—"God bless you, my sweet Blanche!" cried he, pressing her hand, "perhaps I may not, after to-morrow, see you again—God for ever bless, and keep you!" and he ran down stairs, and was out of sight in a moment. The agitation of his mind was, if possible, increased by this interview; for he regretted that he had ever attempted to discover the intentions of Latimer—for he felt that however proper his interference in the cause of Blanche, it had answered no one good purpose, and the event of his meeting with Latimer could not fail to plunge her into fresh difficulties, as any accident which might befall either party would, he was assured, bring to the fair cause of it distress and misery—"O God!" cried he, falling on his knees, "if it be thy will, let the misfortune be mine, and mercifully turn the heart of my friend—I have no one to lament my fate—only compassion, and benevolence, can shed the tear over my tomb—I am known by few, I belong to none, I am a stranger to every endearing relative in life!" At this moment Mr. Mapleton entered the

room, and having read and approved the note Lewisham had written, soon returned with Captain Latimer's answer, which was, that seven was an hour when he should be engaged, but that he would meet our hero at six—"An hour can make but very little difference to you my friend," said Mr. Mapleton, "so I have agreed to his time, and nothing now remains but fortitude to carry us through the business."—"I had rather the hour had been seven," said Lewisham, "but it is of small consequence, and, if I may speak my undisguised sentiments, I had rather it had been any man than Latimer, whom I was to meet—it will appear so ungrateful to his uncle; but I request you, my friend, if I fall, to wait on his lordship, and speak of me as your candid judgment shall decide, unbiassed by prejudice or partiality; 'nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice,' continued he, smiling. "And further, Mapleton, will you stand in my place with regard to Miss Darlington—will you wait on her, and if she will permit you, conduct her yourself to the house of Mr. Nutcombe, in — street. I will myself prepare a letter for Miss Walsingham!"

Mr. Mapleton having promised, scrupulously, to obey his injunctions, left him for the night, telling him he should be with him again at five the following morning. Captain Latimer was not without compunction at the reflection of his own conduct; but he endeavoured to banish thought as much as possible, by keeping himself immersed in company, and supported his spirits by his constant resource in all trials of this kind—namely, the bottle. The morning arrived—the opponents met, and having walked to a field about a mile from the town, the ground was measured, and they took their stand;

not a word was exchanged between them; Lewisham fired, and missed; Latimer followed his example; the seconds interfered, but Latimer refusing to apologize for his conduct, our hero was again obliged to take his station, and again fired with as little success; Latimer now returned the charge, and wounded his adversary on the right side, a little below the third rib: he sunk immediately to the ground, without uttering a word: the whole party, at first, concluded he was killed; and Latimer at once thrown off his guard, by the situation in which he beheld him, ran up to the body, exclaiming "I have killed him! he is dead! I shall never be able to survive the recollection of my own wild and ungovernable passion! O God! why permittest thou such a monster as myself to exist? Why, why did I not fall by the hand of my friend? Why is thy arm extended to crush the innocent, and uphold the guilty?" The seconds now insisted on his quitting the field, but nothing could prevail on him to depart until he had heard the opinion of the surgeon, who waited in the adjoining road with a chaise; and this opinion was not so easily procured; for, binding up the wound to staunch the blood, he ordered him to be conveyed to the carriage, which proceeded with a slow motion towards Margate; Mapleton having got in with the intention of supporting the body. The gentleman who attended Latimer now insisted on his departure; and, after much persuasion, he returned to his lodgings, and began preparations for an immediate journey to London; his second promising to run to him with the surgeon's opinion, as soon as the wound was examined.

Lewisham fainted several times during the operation of extracting the ball; and

another gentleman of the faculty was called in ; but both declared it was out of their power to pronounce any thing at present which could give satisfaction to his friends. Towards evening, a short interval from pain allowed him to enquire for Latimer ; and finding by the answers of Mapleton, that he had not yet left the neighbourhood, he desired that gentleman to request his presence for five minutes only : " I know," said he, " it is a thing quite unusual, but I flatter myself, Latimer will comply with my wishes—at all events I will try him."—Mr. Mapleton had some difficulty in persuading the friend of Captain Latimer to discover where he was ; but on pledging his honour for his safety, he at length conducted Mr. Mapleton to him. Latimer, at first, imagined they were come to acquaint him with the death of Lewisham ; and in an agony of grief, he declared that the moment he was certified of his demise, he would surrender himself into the hands of justice. On being undeceived in this respect, and hearing the request of the invalid, he rose up, saying he was ready to attend them that moment.—" O ! " exclaimed he, " I feel, I know that he is dying, and what then am I ? " He shuddered convulsively.—" A murderer—my friend's murderer—the man whom I admired, but could not imitate ! "—" Latimer," said our hero, as he entered his apartment, endeavouring to extend his arm towards him, " my friend ! " Latimer sunk on his knees by the bed-side—" O call me not your friend," cried he, " call me rather your murderer—call me any thing but your friend :—alas, I know, I feel, that I deserve not the appellation ; it is impossible you can ever forgive my headstrong folly."—We were both equally to blame, my friend," replied Lewisham, " so let us exchange mutual forgiveness ; let us forget the past, and let this accident be the cement of a fresh bond of amity ; yet, if you think you have injured me, there is one ample reparation yet in your power—do you understand me ? "—" I think I do," said Latimer—" Miss Darlington."—" Right," said Lewisham, " the carriage is now in waiting, which was this morning to have borne Blanche to London, to Clara—" he paused, unable to proceed, being nearly fainting from pain and exertion ; but soon recovering, he continued—" to Clara, to London, to happiness !—To your honour I consign her, make her your wife, or henceforth behold her no more. O God, I faint—adieu ! "

The attendants now interposed, and Latimer having offered a solemn promise on the hand (as he then thought) of his dying friend, ran out of the house, and scarcely stopping to compose himself, he rushed into that of Mrs. Collins, and demanded to see Miss Darlington immediately. " Poor thing," cried Mrs. Collins, " some one has frightened her most horribly to-day ; for she heard that your friend was dead, and it was confirmed by his not coming here, when he had promised to do so by six o'clock this morning."—" Who could have had barbarity enough to tell her of it ? " asked Latimer. " Save us ! then it is true ! " said Mrs. Collins, screaming as loud as she could, " rather ask, who could have had the barbarity to hurt so sweet a gentleman ? " Blanche, alarmed by the screams of her landlady, now entered the room, and running up to Latimer, she caught him by the arm, and looking earnestly in his face, cried tell me, for I will know, is your friend dead ?—" I hope not," said Latimer, shuddering ; " I hope he is not dead."—" What has happened to him ; who fought with him ; where is he hurt ; is he likely to recover ? "—were the next words which issued from her lips.—" I hope heaven will spare him to our prayers, Blanche," said Latimer ; " or how shall we ever again know happiness ? "—" How, indeed," sighed she ; " but tell me how it happened ? I must and will see him ! "—" He has the best possible advice," returned Latimer ; " I have only this moment left him, and am now come, at his request to conduct you to London."—" What does all this mean ? "—asked she, looking at him with earnestness, as if to discover his meaning : " and why is he so determined in sending me from him ; he is ill—he is a dying, and I dare not attend him ; how I hate the cruel maxims of the world ! "—" Come," said Latimer, " we have no time to lose," and he drew her towards the door ; " I must, and will know," said she, " what is the reason of this precipitation, and how your friend came to be wounded ? O God," cried she, as if recollecting herself—" my father, tell me—is it possible, was it my father who wounded him ?—is my father in Margate ? " and she almost gasped for breath.—" It was not your father," said Latimer gravely ; " but will you go ? it is my friend who requests it of you—I dare not."—" And why dare not ? " said Blanche, " are you not my friend ? have you not sworn to protect me ? and are you capable of deceit ? "—

and she looked in his face with a suspicious inquisitiveness. Latimer shrunk from her scrutiny abashed, " And why dare not ? " repeated she ; " O Captain Latimer, my heart relies upon your honour ; my mind is satisfied with your protection : but since it is your friendship, I will go :—O God extend mercifully thine arm to save the best of men ! and let thy bitterest vengeance—" " Blanche ! " exclaimed Latimer, fiercely, " you will drive me mad !—good Heavens ! why will you not go ? "—" I am ready," said she, stepping into the carriage ; " but why this needless alarm ? " and her whole frame quivered from fear of she knew not what ; yet strangely terrified at the appearance and manner of Latimer, which was wild in the extreme. As they moved from the door, she again questioned him concerning his friend, but he sank into reserve and silence, nor could she prevail on him to speak for some time. She attempted not again to disturb him, but retiring within herself, gave way to the melancholy which oppressed her heart, until at length, forgetting his presence, she burst into a violent flood of tears.—" Blanche, Miss Darlington," said Latimer, " my beloved Blanche, what ails you ? "—" Make no professions of friendship which you do not feel, Captain Latimer," said she angrily, " I am unworthy to be trusted."—" O Blanche ! I would, but indeed I cannot reveal to you the whole."—" What horrid mystery is there yet to unravel ? But you must," continued she, taking his hand, " reveal all to me : I will sympathise with you, for I love him with the affection of a sister ! "—" Latimer turned his head from her.—" Tell me," cried she, " is his wound dangerous ? "—" It is," answered Latimer.—" Heaven save him ! " exclaimed she, lifting up her hands ; " Heaven preserve his precious life ; and shower its bitterest curses on the head of the vile author of all this mischief ! "—" O curse me not Blanche ? " cried Latimer, falling at her feet ; " curse me not, amiable Miss Darlington, for I am unable to bear my own reproaches—O, kill me not at once ! "—" It is impossible," said Blanche ; " you are beside yourself—you could not lift your arm against your friend !—you could not be so wicked !—No, I will never believe it."—" It is too true," said Latimer ; " yes, it is this fatal arm, which has nearly deprived my friend of existence ! "

Blanche shuddered and covered her face with her hands—" My senses surely



deceive me," said she, "it cannot, it cannot be true—what in the world could tempt you to the commission of such an action?" Latimer leaned his head against the seat and sobbed aloud—"O Blanche," cried he, "it was the effect of a strong and resistless passion, it was the impetuosity of despair; I fancied he wished to separate me from the object of my love!" Blanche coloured, and held down her head; when, perceiving her much affected, and that in part she comprehended him, he took her passive hand between both his—"it was the pride of my vain heart" continued he, "which refused to satisfy even the doubts of my best friend!" "I demand to know," said Blanche, angrily, "what those doubts were?" "Blanche, you will never pardon me, I cannot, I dare not tell you—yet"—and he paused some moments—"I deserve your anger, I will submit to receive it—it was you, my sweet Blanche, which caused this disagreement."—"Me, impossible!" said she, "I could have nothing to do with it; but if you please, we will drop the subject."—"Ah, Blanche! my beloved Miss Darlington, do you not think, that a doubt expressed by my friend of the honour of my designs towards you, was capable of rousing my spirit to a revenge the most implacable?" Blanche averted her blushing face; but Latimer, determined to come to an explanation, now he had gone thus far, followed her with his ardent gaze; and, while he professed his love for her, he intermingled his professions with the offer of his hand and fortune, and deeply lamented his own folly and rashness.—"Alas!" cried he, "it was the vain pride of my nature, which would not bear the idea of being dictated to in the slightest instance; and I confess I was also nettled at the information I had just collected from your conversation, of his having put you on your guard towards me; in the excess of my rage, I knew not what I did."—"Good God!" said Blanche, lifting up her fine eyes to heaven, and clasping her hands together—"for me, for my sake is this best of men, suffering misery and pain—perhaps death! O God it is too much?" "O Miss Darlington," cried Latimer, folding his arms around her, tell me you do not hate me; tell me that I have not intirely lost your esteem?"—"I do not hate you," answered she, shrinking from his encircling arms, "I pity and forgive you; but now hear me, Mr. Latimer and hear my decided determination;—you know, must have long

known my sentiments with regard to you; it is in vain, therefore, to conceal my love from you—it is sincere—it would have been unceasing"—Latimer's eyes sparkled with rapture, while the whole frame of the fair speaker was agitated with contending emotions—"Yet I will never become your wife while the best of men lingers in pain and misery; I will never, after to-morrow, behold you again if—" and her voice faltered—"but I am unable to proceed—O God avert from us such a stroke!"—"O Blanche!" cried Latimer, "I will not believe but that my friend will recover; yes, you must, you shall be ming, and the day of his restoration to health, shall be that of our indissoluble union!"—"But death," exclaimed Blanche, "alas! the sad presages of my soul! no, Latimer, the Hymeneal torch shall never be lighted for me, with the man who could occasion the death of his friend." The vows, protestations, and agony of Latimer, could procure no other sentence, and he sunk into a reverie of despair, anguish, and remorse; which Blanche attempted not to interrupt; but, leaning her head against the side of the chaise, she wept without intermission during the remainder of the journey;—and when arrived in London, she retired immediately to an apartment without taking any refreshment, and flinging herself on a bed, she gave way to the sorrow which oppressed her heart.

The mind of Latimer was too much harrassed to permit him to sleep—throwing himself on a chair, he sat immersed in agonizing retrospection, until morning appeared through the window-shutters, informing him it was time he should try to take some repose; when, hastily quitting the room, he retired to bed—but not to sleep, as will be seen in the next chapter.

### ANECDOTES.

Dr. Johnson being engaged by Mr. Osborne, a bookseller, to translate a work of some consequence, he thought it a respect which he owed his own talents, as well as the credit of his employer, to be as circumspect in the performance of it as possible. In consequence of which, the work went on (agreeably to Osborne's ideas, who measured most things by the facility with which they were done) rather slowly: accordingly he frequently spoke to Dr. Johnson of this circumstance; and being a man of a coarse mind, sometimes by his expression made

him feel the situation of dependence. Dr. Johnson, however, seemed to take no notice of him, but went on according to the plan he had prescribed to himself. Osborne, wishing to have the book out to answer some temporary purpose, and perhaps irritated by what he thought an unnecessary delay, one day went into the room where Dr. Johnson was, and abused him in the most illiberal manner: amongst other things he told him "he had been much mistaken in his man; that he was recommended to him as a good scholar, and a ready hand; he doubted both: for that *Tom such-a-one* of the Old Baily (if he could rely on his sobriety) would have turned out the work much sooner, and that being the case the probability was, that by this here time, the edition would have moved off."

Dr. Johnson heard him for some time unmoved; but at last losing all patience, he seized up a huge folio which he was at that time consulting, and aiming a blow at the bookseller's head, succeeded so forcibly, as to send him sprawling to the floor: Osborne alarmed the family with his cries; but, Dr. Johnson, clapping his foot on his breast, would not let him stir, till he had exposed him in that situation; and then left him with this triumphant expression.

"Lie there, thou son of dullness, ignorance, and obscurity."

A Mr. Wyman who was famed for nothing but stupidity and indolence, as he was going from home one day, was desired by his wife, not to be gone so much—"She was afraid to be left alone."—"Poh," said he, "*Naught is never in danger*," "I know that," said she; "but *Naught's wife is*."

### NO PLEASING.

An Irish drummer once executing his duty of flogging an Irish recruit, the poor sufferer, as it is customary in those cases, cried, *strike high! strike high!* The drummer, to oblige his countryman, did as he was requested; but the fellow still continuing to roar out, "The devil burn your bellowing (cried rub-a-dub) there is no pleasing you, strike where one will."

### ODD COMPARISON.

George II. when riding through Brentford in dirty weather, was accustomed to say, "I do love this place, it is so like Yarmarry."

## For the Philadelphia Repository.

"Some have for wits, then poets pass'd  
 "Turn'd players next, and proved plain fools at last."

POPE.

MR. SCOTT,

HOWEVER unused to the *war of words*, and although it is very repugnant to my feelings, yet the unprovoked and frivolous attack of your correspondent P. (who from his seeming knowledge of the members, I shrewdly suspect to be one of the "Theatrical Association") induces me to swerve from my general rule of conduct.

This *sage* and *learned* writer, went beyond his depth in the field of controversy, and his wishing to cover himself with *laurels*, by "*killing* two birds with one stone," has ended with his having rendered himself truly ridiculous.

Having said it "offended him to see shallow pated dogs ape at criticism," it was naturally to be expected, that he would have shewn, in a way not to be disputed, that ignorance and misrepresentation were the principal features in *both* the criticisms to which he alluded. But how has this expectation been verified in relation to the piece signed HENRY? Not surely, by the dull and pedantic manner in which he has surfeited his readers, by attempting to treat of playing generally.

In a part of this extraordinary morceau, he gravely says, I "should have kept in mind that so far from being able to pourtray all the feelings necessary to the well performance of tragedy, there was not a single gentleman in the Association who even pretended to such perfection."

"'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange," that he should have required me to have kept in mind what I was absolutely ignorant of!! This is a solecism which I shall leave him to rectify.

After occupying a column in this trifling and ambiguous manner; he at last stumbles upon the part of Alcanor, which in his opinion, was represented in a faultless manner; the player having studied the author, "*not the words*." From this specimen of his judgment, the public will turn with disgust. He has admitted the justness of my criticism, by defending several of the performers from the foul and unjustifiable assertions of a scribbler under the signature of A. Even the faultless Alcanor, he acknowledges was guilty of *mouthng*, but excuses him, by imputing it to a natural defect.

Having fully shewn that he has, though indirectly, approved of my sentiments respecting the performance, I would next enquire by what strange fatality he has been led to couple me with the illiberal and inconsistent A? When he again astonishes the world with his reveries, it is hoped that he will give a satisfactory answer to the above interrogatory, as it will be looked for by HENRY.

## For the Philadelphia Repository.

*Criminum ne crede colore.* VIRGIL.  
 Trust not too much to appearances.

MR. SCOTT,

YOUR last Repository contains A's second number on a controversy which it was expected would cease with my former communication. By your notes to correspondents I also learn that you have determined with it to close. But I hope you will take the matter into consideration, and as A. first made the attack, your impartiality will certainly allow the defendant to close the controversy. Under this impression, I send the following for publication.

In his last production A. disclaims all intention of gaining any pecuniary emoluments by *spouting*! Very well resolved; for to my notion his abilities in that line would scarce excite the attention of a barn audience, much less the astonishment of a Philadelphia assemblage. Though Mr. Scott, A. disclaims all hopes of this kind; it is no uncommon thing to hear him "*spouting*" the character of VAPID as he returns from college. He is also much taken with Sylvester Daggerwood, and if stumbling on a friend he often exclaims "I'm Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood of the Dunstable company of comedians, whose benefit is fix'd for the eleventh of of June; please to have a bill sir," and then he thrusts his latin grammar in the face of his acquaintance. Such then, is the conduct of him who never *hopes* for any pecuniary emoluments from his labors—of course he "*labors in vain*."

He says he has "an antagonist of little erudition to cope with"—he may have guessed right for aught I know—All the learning P. has, he has acquired by industry, almost without the aid of teachers—And nature's God has given him common sense sufficient to controvert—a fool!

A. leaving the broad ground of argument has entered into a grammatical examination of my language—and two or three mole hills (in grammar) he has

magnified into mountains: such as the conjunctions *or* for and—*nor* for and, and the noun *comparison* in the singular number instead of the plural, *comparisons*.

This last error possibly may be one of the press; but in either case I am content to fether it. Such conduct in controversy evidently betrays the *pedant in literature*, who, vain of his own abilities, thinks those of every other person beneath him—A's vanity is disagreeable beyond expression; sooner would I endure a madman's rage than this *pedant's* vanity. According to my creed of controversy (and I submit it to every candid reader) I hold it more honorable to tell the plain broad truth without a polish, than to lie grammatically.

From A's language it is evident he considers me as a member of the association, and no doubt conceives himself remarkably wise when he calls me "*Mr. Veritas*." If by this he means to attribute a piece which appeared in the Repository with that signature to me, he is egregiously mistaken—as P. never wrote a single line for the Repository before his first communication; this too is the first controversy he ever had the misfortune to be drawn into.—From these circumstances, perhaps, P. might with the same judgment suppose himself encountering the redoubtable M. C. alias MEDITATOR!

From the first grammatical error with which he accuses me, he has drawn a conclusion which none but a Punctillio would have thought of. P. said he was regardless of gratitude *or* [and] truth—now A. says the disjunctive conjunction *or* releases him from the charge of ingratitude, as I repeat of "truth, &c." while a little after in quoting

"What sacred truth from what polluted lips,"

I clear him of the charge of falsehood. An admirable twister this—no doubt designed for the bar.

This is a *seeming* contradiction to be sure—but a word or two will prove it perfectly right.

Suppose a person regardless of gratitude and truth, (and of those charges I expect to prove A. guilty) who by some unaccountable accident, should for once stumble on the truth; would it not be according to common opinion to express astonishment at so unlooked for an event; and with the poet exclaim,

"What sacred truth from what polluted lips!"

The reader is left to form his own conclusion on this point.



Now to prove that A. *has been regardless* [not *destitute*] of gratitude and truth. How far I shall succeed will be seen in the end.

A. is regardless of gratitude,—because

1. He has cast unwarrantable aspersions on persons who were performing for *his amusement*!
2. The *gratis* performance was not intended to come before the *public eye*, and with this view a *select* company were invited, among whom, *unfortunately*, A. was included.
3. He has betrayed the confidence reposed in him by a member, who considered him as *amicus intimus*!
4. The performers done their best for his amusement [*gratis*] of course he was *ungrateful* not to be satisfied.

In addition to this I ask the following question:

What does the candid reader think of one, who, with the frankness and jocularity of a *friend*, could in an unsuspecting moment induce a member to disclose *secrets* which would be the ground-work of such a piece as A's last communication? I think it detestable. Be it my task, however, to strip this well clothed offspring to the skin; and save a virtuous circle of my *friends* from reproach.

I could go further on this head, and say something concerning an anonymous letter, but from pure motives I here rest my charge of ingratitude—the public are the *jury*, their *verdict* will be *just*.

I proceed now with the second charge, and endeavour to prove he *has been regardless of truth*: this is a more easy task.

He is regardless of truth—because,

1. He asserts that the attack on PHARON was dictated by malice and revenge—occasioned by the refusal to loan his dress to his successor. [Thereby hangs a tale which I'll disclose to his sorrow.]
2. In falsely noting the *pronunciation* of the performers.
3. By a false description of Mahomet's dress and voice.

In the first place it is flatly contradicted that P's first communication was occasioned by PHARON's improper conduct, as mentioned by A. If Mr. Scott will only take the trouble to convince this blockhead, he will find P's communication dated Sept. 3d—it was written and delivered to Mr. Scott for publication early *that day*. Now the resolution to repeat the performance of the tragedy was not entered into, nor even thought of

until the evening of the 4th Sept. which can be seen by the minutes of the association—a copy of which “that promising young performer,” PHARON, can easily procure for his friend A. PHARON had *promised* his dress to his successor in the tragedy, who neglected of course, as he depended on him, to procure another—PHARON, was waited on an hour or two before the curtain rose for the dress—it was *refused*, though it had been *promised*! Does this “redound to the honor of that injured person?” True, he would not perform for *money*—but he was willing to reap the joint benefit, while others did, to extricate the association from difficulty. I am very sorry that I am forced to say what I do—but justice demands it—and PHARON may thank his friend A. for the whole proceedings.

In falsely noting the *pronunciation* of the performers. I say positively that Zaphna did *not* say *blausting*, the word occurs in a passage which I have already quoted; in a passage for which he got so much praise. Such a pronunciation is rarely to be found in an American tongue.—By some Hibernian it might be so pronounced.

With respect to Mahomet's dress and voice he says: “He wore a small kerchief round his head.” “He seemed throttled almost at every word he spoke.” I however, maintain, notwithstanding, A's assertion, that it was a *real turban*; and I have no doubt but that my assertion will be credited as much as A's. With respect, however, to Mahomet's voice, it is too barefaced to be noticed—it is *mendacium*!

Thus have I, I believe, fairly proved the charges I first made—that A. *has been regardless of truth and gratitude*.

I am heartily tired, Mr. Scott, of wading thro' such a mass of filth—but justice demanded the duty—and I complied.

A few words more—and I have done.

When A. next undertakes to *criticise* language and make a noise about *grammar*—let him do it in correct language. I could point out one or two, perhaps more ungrammatical sentences, but I think the employment beneath me—'tis not that, it is the truth and soundness of the argument in controversy, without the aid of *quibbling*, that bears the palm.

His attempts to be *witty* are also low.—No doubt he has some *wit*, but he has a strange way of using it—perhaps Butler had such a person in his mind's eye when he wrote as follows:

“I grant although he had some wit,  
“He was very shy of using it,  
“And being loth to wear it out,  
“He therefore bore it not about:  
“Unless on holidays or so,  
“As men their best apparel do.”

*Hudibras, canto 1.*

He has displayed no one quality of a good critic—hundreds of such as he rise every year like mushrooms—What Mr. Scott signifies it, though their heads be *empty* provided their *common place books* are full!

It was not my intention to offend any one, and had not A. set the example I should have been quiet. He says what he done was for the good of the performers—out of friendship. I must allow it was friendship if by friendship he means shaking the hand of an acquaintance, smiling in his face, and with the other hand stabbing him. P.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY LEGEND.

MURROUGH, a descendant of the famous King of Leinster, who invited the Earl of Pembroke into Ireland, by the bounty and hospitality of his life, became extremely popular and beloved. Though he had lost the royal hereditary honors of his illustrious house, he yet retained all the respect due to sovereignty; and, in short, was bowed to by his numerous family, tenantry, and the people in general, as submissively as if he really wore the crown of his ancestors. Fifty children, grand-children, and relations, fed every day at his board, and as many indigent individuals were made happy with the fragments.

But although the mind of Murrough was thus happy, although he rested thus secure on the confidence of mankind, he was yet unsafe; the shafts of envy were ready to assail him, and danger lurked in the moment of rational security.

Murrough used frequently to ride many miles attended only by an approving conscience, and the retrospect of virtue; and the singular custom was well known thro' the country.

In one of those solitary excursions, on a summer evening, when the sun began to gild the western mountains, and when all nature appeared clothed in serenity, he observed a naked infant boy, who seemed to be about three years of age, running on before him at the distance of about twenty yards: the sight, though singular, did not at first much affect our reverend traveller, who imagined that the child belonged to some cottage in the neighbourhood; but after riding near a

mile, the circumstance began to be interesting—the old man called, but the infant continued his progression, only turning round, displayed an angel smile, and beckoned to be followed. After running about a mile further: the surprise of old Murrough was in some degree abated, for the seraphic guide, as in the end he proved to be, turned off the road, and entered a respectable farm house at a small distance.

If the child had been certainly mortal, curiosity alone would have induced the old man to enquire at the house, how it came to be so far from home, and naked; but the fact was, that he now thought the thing altogether wonderful, and worthy of inquiry.

Accordingly our traveller rode up to the door, and desired to see the child that had just entered, and to know if he belonged to the house. The woman, whom he addressed, knew of no child!—the young men and women of that house were all grown up, and the family numerous: she ended with observing, that it was no child, but an angel who had been sent from heaven for his protection, and pressed our venerable traveller to continue till morning.

The astonishment, natural to an event so very uncommon, induced our traveller to alight; but after some conversation with the family, and a recollection of his conscious innocence, he determined to proceed. At the moment he attempted to mount his horse, he received a severe slap on the right side of his face, which at once deciding the question, he returned; and dispatching a messenger home with an account of what had happened, remained at the farm-house.

The next morning the whole country was in a state of consternation at the melancholy fate of an elderly gentleman, who had been assassinated by one Kevæ-nagh, who being apprehended and convicted, confessed, at his execution, that he mistook his man, and that envy, at the universal good name of Murrough, had alone stimulated him to put an end to his life.—In the province of Leinster this story is universally known, and implicitly believed: the blow, which the old man received, left a mark that remained for life.

#### THE HUMOROUS BEGGAR.

JODOCUS Dambond says, that as he was sitting with some senators of Bruges, at the gate of their senate-house a

beggar with lamentable sighs and tears, and other gestures to move compassion, asked our charities, adding further, that he was troubled with a misfortune that shame obliged him to conceal. We all, says he, commiserating the poor man's condition, gave him something to relieve his wants, and then he departed.

One inquisitive person in our company sent his servant after the beggar, to know what the malady was, which he was so unwilling to discover. The servant overtook him, and asked him the question; and having viewed him all over, said he could perceive nothing that he had reason to complain of. Ah, woe is me, said the beggar, the disease that so much afflicts me, is not to be seen, though it has crept over my whole carcase, insinuated itself into my blood and marrow, and has left no part of my body uninfected, which makes me I cannot work. This disease is called sloth and idleness. The servant having received this account, grew angry and left him. After having made ourselves merry at it, we sent the servant to bring him to us again, in order to prescribe to him a cure for his disease, but he had wisely withdrawn himself.

#### For the Philadelphia Repository.

*Without Prudence, Virtue can have no charms.*  
Philo-Prudentia.

ALWAYS, Mr. Editor, I have considered Prudence as the chief ornament of the female sex; but hitherto I have been almost afraid to express my sentiments upon a subject so unpopular. Your learned correspondent\* however, has done it in a manner that does honour to his head and heart. "Prudence (says he) is Virtue's safeguard—its brightest ornament and its best defence." This is such a correct and beautiful expression that I could not forbear citing it. Pity it is, Mr. Editor, that the *belles* apparently differ so widely from my philosophical (and unknown) friend. Often, sir, have I been astonished, when reflecting upon the manners of the female sex, to find that this *all-conquering charm* is so little cherished by them. Virtue appears to be their chief boast, but pray what is it without Prudence? "Exterminate the one (continues our author) and the other is a mere phantom, an ideal something that only fascinates or allures

\* The Author of my text.

the imbecile observer." Superlatively excellent! Pardon me my female readers when I affirm that "*without Prudence Virtue can have no charms*," and that I entirely agree with the sentiments of my unknown friend. To me it appears evident that prudence is the "primordial of female *Virtue*," and the *Prince of Cosmetics*. It is that which adds an unfading lustre to the female and renders her beautiful beyond description. In short, the most hateful deformity may by the aid of Prudence acquire irresistible charms. Then, is it not passing strange that those girls who are anxious to make "*conquests*" should not have recourse to it?

A fair complexion and a beautiful face, is not sufficient to *vanquish* the philosopher or the man of penetration. It requires some internal *worth* on which he can contemplate with pleasure—such as the beauties of the mind. 'But (methinks I hear some of my fair readers exclaim) how frequently do we see an *illiterate* girl with a beautiful face and a fair complexion making *conquests* of the gentlemen! true. But they are such as are *dazzled by false brilliancy* and led into ecstasies by every frivolity that pleases the imagination. To say that a girl is *beautiful* and *virtuous* is, I acknowledge, sufficient to *fascinate* many of the male sex. But who are they? O Reader, I blush for them.

Strictly speaking, a girl cannot be *truly* charming, without the aid of Prudence, neither do I believe she can be *completely* virtuous. For Prudence I conceive to be the inseparable companion of *genuine* Virtue. In proportion therefore as a girl is prudent she is virtuous.—O pardon me, my female reader, I know I have advanced something which *appears* strange to you; but before you pronounce judgment, I conjure you to give the subject a few moments of philosophical reflection; afterwards I shall have nothing to fear from your decision, and I am persuaded that you will entertain a more sacred regard for *realities* than *visionary objects*. I am sorry that I have not at this time *leisure* to pursue the subject further: My avocations compel me to close it, contrary to my inclination.

As a mark of the exalted opinion I entertain for Philo-Prudentia (though personally unknown to me) and to shew the similarity of sentiments and close connection of character I subscribe myself

PHILO-VIRTUS.



## MAGNANIMOUS SPEECH.

THE Speech of Jules Polignac, before the Tribunal, made a great impression upon the Judges as well as upon the audience, and has made him the favorite with the Parisians. With a calm and firm voice he said—

“SHOULD my brother Armand be found guilty, and I be declared innocent, I supplicate most earnestly to be permitted to take his place, and die for him; he has a wife; I am unmarried; and in the present situation of my king, my country, and my family, I have no ties that attach me to life; which besides, I have not enjoyed long enough to regret much its loss. An unfortunate but loyal exile from my youth, I have tasted little of existence but its wretchedness, which is now become almost insupportable; and I see no other happiness or glory upon this side of the grave than to be allowed to ascend the same scaffold where the most virtuous of men and of kings, Louis XVI. has bled. My sentiments are, besides, unalterable, neither to be shaken by terror, nor changed by clemency. No, Polignac, was never a traitor, either to God or his King; and I shall certainly not be the first who dishonors my name. Whether I am to die in an hour, or to live for a century, my constant prayer and wish shall be, that Providence may restore to my country its lawful Sovereign.”

During his Speech, of which this is only a short sketch, several ladies in the galleries with their tears evinced the interest he inspired. Even the Gens d'armes were moved at seeing his firmness, and hearing his frankness.

## PICHEGRU'S LETTER TO LOUIS XVIII.

To His Most Christian Majesty LOUIS XVIII,  
King of France and Navarre.

PARIS, FEB. 24.

“MOREAU is already in the Temple, and a dungeon is there waiting for me. The same scaffold, as the same prison, will probably soon contain us both, and forever remove two generals whom the foreign usurper of your Majesty's throne, regards as the only rivals of his military fame; whose probity is a reproach to his guilt; and who, I am proud to say, have set him, as well as future conquerors, an example of virtue and moderation; who entered the career of danger and glory, poor, and who left it pure.

“Sir, for the last time a faithful subject addresses his beloved sovereign. When the grave is dug and ready to swallow up its victim all flattery ceases, all hypocrisy is laid aside. Even a villain in that situation would act and speak with sincerity. In a short time sir, I must be out of the reach of my country's tyrant; and even your majesty, my country's lawful king, will not have it in his power either to pardon past errors, or to reward services performed.

Sir, from what I have read in the history of former times, and from what I have observed of the actions and opinions of my contemporaries, I am firmly convinced that legal and monarchical government can alone make subjects happy, and their sovereign safe. Excuse, therefore sir, the frankness of a soldier, when he acknowledges, that it was neither as the heir of seventy kings, nor your personal talents and virtues, that made me desire to see your majesty quietly seated on the throne of your ancestors. No, Sir, though I was born in your majesty's dominions, I was nearer related to my fellow subjects than to my prince, and their welfare, and the welfare of mankind, has always been regarded by me as superior to all other considerations.

I would never have been a rebel against my king, but I would neither have assisted him to return to power, had not this hereditary rank and supremacy been not only closely connected with, but inseparable from the tranquility of the world.

“Sir the time cannot be distant when your majesty will again rule in France.—The prosperity and interest of all civilized nations demand it.—Please, Sir, then to remember the poor relatives of a general, who like Bonaparte, might have usurped your majesty's authority, enriched his family, promoted his accomplices, enslaved his country, and tyrannized over it with Europe. Remember him, sir! he was dutiful when rebellion was fashionable; he was honest when infamy was a recommendation, and he was disinterested when egotism excluded consanguinity, as well as patriotism and loyalty!

“My last breath shall be a prayer to the Almighty for my king and for my country, &c.

“CHARLES PICHEGRU.”

A lady being asked why she had married an ugly husband, said,—“*Gallants* ought to be handsome; but *husbands* as *God pleases*.”

## THE PASSIONS.

ANGER inflames the blood, is a temporary deprivation of reason, and involves those who rather indulge than endeavour to conquer their resentments, in perpetual quarrels and contentions. *Envy* is a worm which corrodes the breast and makes those who cherish it, miserable, because others are happy. *Pride* meets with daily mortifications, which more than counterbalance the splendor of rank, or gifts of fortune. *Vanity*, or an extravagant desire of admiration, is oftentimes fatal to virtue, and at last terminates in contempt. *Avarice*, or an inordinate desire of wealth, destroys the finer feelings of humanity, and makes riches a curse instead of a blessing. The covetous neither enjoy the good things of life themselves, nor communicate a portion of them to others in distress; the relief of which to a generous mind, would be more gratifying than the contemplation of hoarded gold. *Dissimulation* is not only odious in itself, but frequently destructive in its consequences. The artless and undesigning, who act from strict principles of integrity, never suspect the honor and veracity of another, they both see and feel for the misfortunes of others, and from their own experience, that promises are frequently made, only to deceive and betray. They become the dupes of treachery, because they expected truth, where they met with falsehood; and placed confidence where they should have harboured distrust. *Pleasure* is a bewitching syren, which flatters its votaries with unbounded delights, invites them to taste of the forbidden fruit, and at last plunges them into guilt and misery.

Philadela, Sept. 22, 1804.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Shakespeare's works and other English dramas, Burk's Reflections on the French Revolution, and many Novels, are translating into the Russian language by order of the Emperor.

Proposals are offered by the Rev. Mr. HOLMES, of Cambridge, for publishing, by subscription, AMERICAN ANNALS; or A Chronological History of America, from its discovery by Columbus to the present time, to be comprised in two octavo volumes.

[Lond. Pap.]

## To Correspondents.

Communications by X, and Junius shall be inserted next week.

The editor can discover no beauty in “Nonpareil.” “Fervido”—is inadmissible.

## Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

I was yesterday in company with a few friends proficient in the French language, when the conversation, chiefly turned on Mr. *Dufief's* new work entitled "*Nature Displayed, &c.*"—And the criticism thereon by a Mr. *Vallon*, who, before he allowed himself time to peruse it, roundly asserted that the title of the work only was "*truly imposing and conveyed philosophical ideas.*"

His inconsistency and egregious blunders on this occasion were taken up by a writer under the signature of "*No Zolus*," who treated the subject with a considerable degree of judgment and pertinent observation: He has very happily applied, in part, *La Fontaine's* fable of "*the Ape and the Dolphin*," to Monsieur *Vallon* who, unfortunately, mistook *Parley* the name of a country seat, for *Horne Tooke* the name of a man.—One of the above party requested me to attempt a translation of the intire fable; which I considered an agreeable task, as it presented an occasion of manifesting that refined sort of *literary esteem* (if I may use the expression) for M. *Dufief*, which his very valuable work deservedly claims.—Please to accept my translation—Your giving it a corner in your paper will oblige,  
Sir, Yours, &c.

Sept. 11, 1804.

M. F.

### THE APE AND THE DOLPHIN,

A FABLE,

FROM THE FRENCH OF LA FONTAINE,

BY M. F.

AMONG the Greeks—old story says,  
A custom reign'd in former days;  
With those who ventur'd on the main,  
To take (for sport) a playful train  
Of *mimick Apes* with pert grimace,  
And drollest of the *Canine* race.

A ship, on board, with such a crew,  
From Athens not remote—morbleu!  
Was wreck'd—Lord! how the waves did rock  
her!

All hands had sunk in Davy's locker!  
Did not their aid the Dolphins lend,  
Who (Pliny says) mankind befriend.  
The creatures did their best to save  
Our passengers from wat'ry grave.

Amidst the ills—an artful Ape  
Vail'd him of semblance to our shape;  
And did his safety nearly plan,—  
A Dolphin viewing him as man.

On his smooth back—lo! Pug is seated,  
And looks a sage all-celebrated:  
The Dolphin nearing to the shore,  
Address'd, perchance, the *brute* he bore.  
Are you from Athens?—prithee, tell—  
Yes—there—said Pug—they know me well:

If you, sir, have transaction's there—  
Command me—for my kindred bear  
The highest rank in all the nation,  
My cousin fills a *lord mayor's* station.  
The other thankful, thus reply'd,  
Has *Piræus*—great Sir—beside,  
The honor to be known by you;  
You see him oft—I *ween*—you do—  
Each passing day—he is depend,  
My old acquaintance and my friend.

Our Ape—of ridicule the sport,  
Mistook for *man*, fam'd *Athens'* port.

Thus, many, thro' life's chequer'd scene,  
For *London* proud take *Turnbam green*;  
And, on each topic,—idly chatter,—  
Tho' unacquainted with the matter.

The Dolphin sneers—his head he turns,  
And with fierce indignation burns;  
To think—intolerable notion!  
A beast should ride him thro' the ocean:  
Enrag'd—he plunges 'neath the wave,  
And seeks some man the wretch to save.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

### SONNET TO FANCY.

HOW boundless, fancy is thy power!  
How wonderful thy art!  
Which in each hapless tedious hour,  
Can joy and peace impart.

Oft when my soul with ills oppress,  
Has felt misfortune's hand,  
Thy soothing hand has giv'n it rest;  
Joy comes at thy command.

Elysium always is in view,  
The brightest scenes that man e'er drew,  
Or happiest moments form'd  
Where thou dwelt'st are always seen  
So sweet and pleasing is each dream  
Which *fancy* forms and which no power can  
e'er deform. J.

### THE AUCTIONEER.

WELL! here I am! and what of that?  
Methinks, I hear you cry;  
Why I am come, and that is pat,  
To sell, if you will buy!—  
To sell if you will buy!  
A Female Auctioneer I stand,  
Yet not to seek for pelf,  
Ah! no, the lot I have on hand—  
Ah! no, the lot I have on hand  
Is now to sell *myself*—

And I am going, going, going, &c.  
Who bids, who bids for me, &c.  
Ye Bachelors! I look at you,  
And pray don't think me rude,  
Nor rate me neither scold or shrew,  
A coquette or a prude—  
A coquette or a prude.  
My heart and hand I offer fair,  
And should you buy the lot,  
I'm sure we'd make a happy pair—  
I'm sure we'd make a happy pair  
When Hymen ties the knot!  
For I am going, going, going, &c.  
Who bids for me, who bids! &c.  
Tho' some may deem me pert or so,  
Who deal in idle strife,  
Pray! where's the girl I wish to know  
Would nor become a wife?  
Would not become a wife?—  
At least I own I really would  
In spite of all alarms!  
Dear Bachelors! be now so good—  
Dear Bachelors! be now so good  
To take me to your arms  
For I am going, going, going,  
Who bids for me? who bids!

An answer is requested.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

### SONNET TO SLEEP,

Written at Midnight.

THE watchman now proclaims the hour,  
"Past twelve" strikes on my ear;  
I sit oppressed by love's power,  
With many an anxious care.

Then let me, sleep, thy aid invoke,  
To ease my tortured breast;  
And let oblivion evermore,  
Lull all my cares to rest.

For thou alone can'st now assuage  
The miseries caus'd by love;  
O! let me then thy help engage,  
And grateful, will I prove,  
Grateful, if thou canst ever know  
That gratitude which deeds to thee can never  
show. H.

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